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# THE ECHO

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SUMNER HIGH SCHOOL

June 1925

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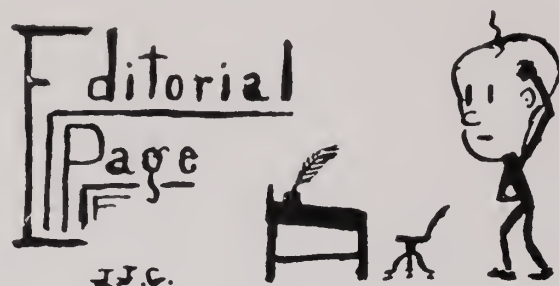
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Name	Nickname	Favorite Occupation	Greatest	Detestation	Ambition
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Edgar Hill	Ed	Talking	Spelling	Baseball Star	
Roy Johnson	Rye	Blushing	None	Stop Blushing	
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Marjorie Thomas	Marj	Piano playing	Exercise (both kinds)	Stenographer	
Elizabeth Vencent	Lizzy	Going home	Going alone	Lady	
Evelyn Wallace	Wally	Dodging	Shorthand	Bookkeeper	
Elizabeth Whitcomb	Lizzy	Dreaming	Brookville	Piano Teacher	



We, the staff, wish to extend through this column our sincere thanks to Ellis Johnson for the honor he brought to the Echo of last June by having his essay, "Americans," judged the best formal essay of the twenty-one school papers in the League. For this essay Sumner High School received a suitably inscribed silver cup of which we are proud, and shall treasure as the first real success of "The Echo". With this for encouragement we shall ever strive to make our paper bigger and better, and with honest effort we shall some day attain the other prizes.

With best wishes for the future success of The Echo, we, the Seniors of the staff, give to you, our worthy Juniors, the task of upholding The Echo and trust that you will find the work as pleasant as we have, and may the way for you be somewhat smoother as a result of our hard labors.

E. M. L., '25.

### Looking Forward

Every one looks forward with joy and eagerness to the month of June and what is in store for them. June means Summer, following a perfect two months of spring weather. To many the word "June" means the discontinuance of school life and an enjoyable season to be looked forward to.

You Seniors of Sumner High! What does it mean to you? You are now preparing to leave old friends behind and enter a new world of

your own, imagining and dreaming of wonders to be accomplished. Are you thinking of the ones you are leaving to take your place? Have you thought of the impression you have left imprinted on the expectant Junior's mind? If they are to take your place they must have some standard to follow. It is your place to see that this standard is the best there is, so that they can carry it out to your credit and to their own.

The Juniors have almost as much responsibility on their shoulders. Following close behind them are the Sophomores. They have just about reached a sure foothold in their progress as high school students. They are looking forward to the task of taking the place of honored Juniors of Sumner High. This position has an alluring charm to them and they are all eager to grasp it and to succeed in all its requirements. For each Junior that passes into the footsteps of a Senior there is a willing Sophomore to take his place. But Sophomores! a warning to you. There is work ahead, hard, brain-racking work that will take hours of patience if it is to be accomplished with a satisfying result for a reward. Many, who have boasted that they never have any homework, will soon find to their dismay that this will be no longer. This dismay will soon give way to a feeling of importance that they are accomplishing so much.

The thought has probably come, "And what of the Freshmen?" Those who were so proud to be considered members of the High School. Are they not to be mentioned at all? Quite as much importance is attached to them as to the Seniors.



The future fame and success of Sumner High falls in the hands of the Freshmen. They have three years to work for their end. In these three years much can be accomplished. Honor records are in store if they are wanted. So Freshmen! You are to be envied by many. You have everything to look forward to. This should be looked to with eagerness and not with fear. And Freshmen, some day you will find yourself honored and esteemed Seniors.

LILLIAN EKLOF, '26.

### **Advantages of a High School Education**

Numerous advantages and opportunities are derived from a High School Education. Many young boys are now going to work at the ages of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen years simply for the sake of earning a few dollars a week perhaps for pin money and the like. There are a few cases where poverty urges such a condition. The majority of these boys are drifting on with the idea that they can almost forever be increasing their earning power, only to discover at the age of twenty-one that they have already reached the maximum earning power. In such a manner the old proverb, "If youth but knew, and age but could," is made known with great force, setting many boys repenting over their vital mistakes.

The four years that any boy spends in obtaining a High School Education are well worth the time and labor when he enters the business world. In addition to a High School Education one must have ambition or an inclination toward a certain branch of business in order that one might overcome the keen competition in present business life. It is estimated that a boy graduating from High School at the age of eighteen attains his maximum earnings at the age of thirty-two, and that his earnings are nearly double that of a

boy with grammar school education.

There is, and always will be, an ever increasing demand for skilled labor in either a commercial or a technical branch of business. Ignorance is not only bliss but is a disgrace to the community and nation, while on the other hand the educated person brings up the standard of good citizenship. A High School Education gives one an idea of conditions of living in this age of keenest competition. One also learns of the essentials of business success which is inevitable when opportunities float about in every direction, almost more numerous than automobiles on a main street.

The success of a boy depends upon his foresight and his grasping of the best and most profitable opportunity.

ARNOLD NYLANDER, '27.

### **Your Future Career and What It Means to You**

Inspired by a talk from the principal of our High School, I resolved to write this short essay on "Your Future Career".

I consider that I am capable of saying what I am going to as I am already a Sophomore in High School. Before I graduated from the eighth grade I had fully decided that I should take studies of the Commercial Course but due to the influence of my teachers, which I thank them for, I am completing my second year of the College Course. Although this course is harder than the Commercial, I feel that when I have completed this course, I have accomplished something.

When the girls and boys of today reach the age of fourteen and are in their last year of grammar school they begin to ponder over those vital questions and problems:

1. Shall I go to High School?
2. What course will I take?
3. Would it be worth the time I

would spend to go further in school?

4. Why couldn't I be earning money now and having a good time instead of earning nothing for four years?

All these thoughts and many more enter a scholar's mind before his grammar school graduation.

Although the teachers always try to encourage the pupil and urge him to attend a higher institution than the Junior High School they are not always successful.

If anyone should ask me the above questions, here is how I should answer them. The answer to the first question is, yes, you should attend high school, for without a higher education, what use will you be in this world, and what will your future years bring to you? Perhaps you may get a position as street cleaner in some city or perhaps you might be a janitor in one of the "sky-scrapers" of New York. But what is that compared with being a business man

or woman and having others under your command instead of vice versa. The second answer would be: take the College of Technical course by all means. These courses will not only prepare you to enter college, but will give you a knowledge of French and Latin and a few other languages that you can use in solving cross word-puzzles if nowhere else. In answering the third question, I would say that it certainly is worth the time you will spend in school. The fourth answer is that the four years are not drudgery and hard work, but, for the short time spent in school each day, in the end you are duly rewarded with a knowledge that no one can take from you.

In finishing this essay I hope that, if it is read by pupils in the grammar school, they will consider and heed the questions and answers, attend at least a high school, and go further in school if possible.

Mildred Tibbetts, '27.

### Acknowledgements

The Echo wishes to acknowledge the receipt of papers from the schools listed below. They have been read by many and it can be truthfully said, thoroughly enjoyed. Thank you for the pleasure received.

Chimes	Scituate High
Southern Bell	Somerville
Tauntonian	Taunton High
Red and Black	Whitman High
Abhis	Abington High
Menotomy Beacon	Arlington Jr. High
Echo	Canton High
Partridge	Duxbury High
Students' Pen	E. Bridgewater
Hermiad	Hingham
Unquity Echo	Milton High
The Courier	Hyde Park High
Item	Dorchester High
Stetson Oracle	Randolph High

### Punctuate This

He said that that that that that man used should have been which.

Teacher: "Who signed the Magna Charta?"

Youngster: "Please, ma'am, 'twasn't me."

Skeptical Member of School Board: "Here, call that boy back; I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."

This issue of the Echo  
is respectfully Dedicated To  
**The Class of  
Twenty-Five**





# Literature



## *If Silence Won't; Love Will*

A Drama in Three Acts.

By

THELMA A. PETERSON, '25.

### CHARACTERS

NINA BATES, a girl of today, quite high spirited.

MRS. MARY BATES, widow, Nina's mother, an invalid.

MARTHA, spinster, sister to Mary.

RUSSELL COLBEY, in love with Nina.

### ACT I.

TIME: Present. A morning in spring.

SCENE: Living room in the Bates' new country home.

(As curtain rises, Mrs. Bates is sitting in easy chair with feet on a foot-stool, by an open window. Enter Martha, carrying a book, starts to dust).

Mary: Isn't it a lovely morning, Martha? I just love the country in the spring. The air is so wholesome, I am sure nothing will benefit me more than coming out here.

Martha: Mary, for Mercy Sakes! What do you mean by sitting there by that *open* window? (Takes book from under arm). Why, it distinctly says in my book that an unwell person should never, never, sit in a draft.

Mary: Oh, but my dear sister, fresh air is what I need, and it is a shame to leave all this outside.

Martha: I tell you, Mary, you'll catch your death, there. I must close it and get a blanket for you. I distinctly remember reading that invalids should always be kept warm. (Closes window and exit to get a blanket).

Mary: Well, I suppose Martha is right, at least I shall have to do as she says when I am under her care. I wonder where Nina is this morning; she hasn't been down for breakfast yet. I hope she's not ill.

(Nina enters, carrying her hat. Seems in high spirits.)

Nina: Good morning, mother. Isn't it a w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l morning?

Mary: Yes, lovely. Are you going out so soon, Nina?

Nina: *Going?* I've just come in. I got up early and went down to the post office to see if I had a letter. (Whispers). Where's Aunt Martha?

Mary: It must be important if you couldn't wait until the post-man came. Did you get one?

Nina: Important? Well, I should say it was. Oh, mother (goes over and puts her arms about her neck). guess who the letter is from, and he's - - - - (stops as Martha enters with blanket). Good morning, Aunt Martha. Doesn't this spring air just put "pep" into you?

Martha: From all I've heard, it surely must be a *wonderful* morning; but how do you know when you're asleep? Does the spring come into your bed?

Nina: I have a spring in my bed all the time. (Mary turns and smiles.)

Martha (stamping her foot): Outrageous, such foolish talk. Now, you know I meant the weather.

Nina: Yes, yes, I know you did, Aunt Martha. I didn't mean to make you cross, but I haven't been in bed

all the time. I've been out.

Martha: Out? Mary,—why,—will you allow that? What will the neighbors think—going out before nine o'clock? (Opens book.) And it distinctly says, somewhere,—here, that slang expressions as “pep” are not in good form.

Nina (aside): Now I've started something. Aunt Martha could change a spring morning to a thunderstorm.

(Curtain).

ACT II.

Scene: Same.

Time: Afternoon of same day.

(Mary sitting in the chair. Nina enters, high spirited as usual, carrying the letter. She sits on the arm of the chair).

Nina: Is Aunt Martha around now?

Mary: No, dear. And now you can tell me all about the letter dear. Martha has just gone out. (Nina starts to open letter when Martha unexpectedly comes in. She pushes the letter down, appearing to be frightened).

Mary: Haven't you gone yet, Martha?

Martha (excitedly): Yes, no,—have you seen my book? I most forgot it. Oh, here it is; well, I'm off again. Good-bye. (Exit.)

Nina: Land sakes! Her book; she couldn't live without it. Where'd I put the letter?

Mary: Now go on, dear, who is the letter from? Russel?

Nina: Yes, and just think he's coming - - -"

Mary: *Coming?* Why, Nina, dear, how dared you?

Nina: But I thought you wanted to meet him.

Mary: Yes, dear, I do, and I certainly would have met him long ago if it had been possible for me to get out. As it is, you see—well—and besides, it's Martha.

Nina: Bother, yes! Aunt Martha, of course. I suppose I couldn't

die without first asking Martha if I might.

Mary: It is a bit trying, but we'll have to take life as it comes.

Nina: In my opinion Aunt Martha is making it *go* instead of *come*.

Mary: Let's say nothing more of Martha. It is hard, I'll admit; but her life has been a trial. Now, about Russel. When did you say he was coming? Did you write to him?

Nina: Of course I wrote to him. Goodness, been here two weeks now, and he'd surely want to know where I was. He doesn't state when he's coming. He just says soon.

Mary: But Nina, never, never, can you let him come when Martha is around; she would never allow it. You know you never could mention any boy's name when she was nigh.

Nina: Mother, what,—oh! What can I do? It would be rude to tell him not to come now.

Mary: I don't know; we'll just trust to fate. He won't come anyway until you write him, will he?

Nina: No, I suppose not. But I *do* want to see him and I was so happy this morning ——. Say, mother, what is the trouble with Martha anyway? Was she disappointed in love or something?

Mary: Martha in love? She might have been, but there never was any serious infatuation on her part. It's a strange and sad tale about poor Martha. She always was and always will be, an elder sister to me.

Years ago, Martha was a nurse for a little boy, and how she did love that child! She cared for it as her own. The child's father was a wealthy and honest banker. Martha took the place of mother when his young mother died.

She never told us much about it afterwards. We have never even been able to find out the name. From what we have been able to gather, the boy's father was falsely accused of being connected with a bank robbery. It hurt Martha much; she



had always known and respected the man. She knew and so did many others that he was not guilty, but an honest man whose fortune would some day go to the child she loved. But the hardest blow came when one morning she went to the nursery, and the child was gone.

Nina (alarmed): Gone? Who took him? Mother, this is terrible. Has he ever been found?

Mary: No one knows. And we could be of no assistance, because she would not tell us the name. That is why I have always done what would please Martha, and dear, it has often been as hard for me as it has for you.

Nina: Poor Martha! It's the first time in my life that I've ever sympathized with her. Wouldn't it be just fine if we could find the child and bring him back to her?

Mary: Yes; but I'm sure if he is still alive, he is no longer a child. That was years ago. He would be a young man now, and by right of heritage, a wealthy man.

Nina: Has Aunt Martha any papers that might be of some help, were the child found?

Mary: She has some papers locked up in her room, but she has never shown me any.

Nina: Poor Martha; I'm afraid that's one thing she'll never "distinctly find in her book".

(Curtain.)

### ACT III.

Scene: Same, two weeks later.

(Nina sitting in a chair, a book in her lap.)

Nina: Oh dear, what can I do? There's Russel patiently waiting for an answer, and who knows when I'll ever see him again? But poor Martha. Funny how misfortune will affect different people. It's the strangest thing I've ever heard. Just think, fifteen years ago! Who could have taken the child, and I wonder if he's still alive, ignorant of the fact that

he is rich. (Picks up book and starts to read. Telephone rings. She answers it. Nina: Hello,—yes—no, I'm sorry but Martha is out, any—hello—(hangs up receiver) gone I guess; well, it couldn't have been very important if they hung up so soon. (Sits down again, starts to read, deeply interested. Door bell rings.) Now, who's coming? It must be Martha coming back after her book, and can't get in. I suppose I'd better answer it, anyway. (Exit.)

(Re-enter Nina with Russel Colbey. Nina acts nervous, and not very pleased and congenial.)

Russel: Why, Nina! What is the trouble? What has happened? Aren't you glad to see me?

Nina: I never asked you to come, did I?

Russel: Didn't you want me? I thought that you did. Is that why you never wrote me? "Silence gives consent," you know.

Nina: Oh! Oh! Dear! I can't explain now. At least, you could have said when you were coming.

Russel: You never required that before. I'll go right back if you wish.

Nina: No, no, don't go yet, I do want you—only—well, anyway, you must meet my mother. (Exit.)

Russel: What on earth is the trouble? If it's her mother that objects to me, merely because I haven't their opulence, I'd better go before she comes.

(Enter Martha while Nina is out. She is greatly disturbed at seeing a man. Places hands on hips and clears throat to attract his attention.)

Russel (turning): How-do-you-do?

Martha (contemptuously): How-do- - - (stops short and stares at him).

Russel (aside): Another queer character. What kind of place have I come to? If that's Nina's mother,

I take the next train back to New York. (To Martha) Pardon me, are you Mrs. Bates?

Martha: No, sir; I am not. I am Mrs. Bates' sister (still staring.) And what is your business here?

Russel: Just a little business with Miss Bates.

Martha (quite nervously): Is your name Colbey?

Russel: It is, madam. So you have heard of me before?

Martha: Heard of you? Was your father the Hon. Russel Colbey, and you the Junior Colbey?

Russel (sadly): I believe I carry my father's name, but of him I know very little. He died when I was young. What knowledge have you of the Senior Colbey?

Martha: Just fifteen years ago, I worked for him. I was the nurse for his son. You are the exact likeness of your father, and I hope you are like him, and always will be.

Russel (excitedly): Like him! You!—I've always been brought up to learn that my father was a scoundrel. And *me* like him.

(Enter Nina and Mrs. Bates, walking very slowly and steadily. Martha goes over to help her.)

Martha: Be careful, Mary. (Nina is very much alarmed at seeing Martha here with Russel, but notices that she does not seem cross).

Nina: Russel, let me present my mother and aunt - - -"

Russel: I believe, Nina, that your aunt and I have made our acquaintance before.

Martha (overjoyed): Mary, this

is Russel Colbey, Jr., I'm sure, and he is the very likeness of his father.

Mary: But Martha, do I know Mr. Colbey?

Martha: No; I don't think you do, but do you remember the boy whose nurse I was fifteen years ago?

Mary and Nina: Is Russel the child?

Martha: Yes, and oh, this is the happiest day of my life. Let me go up and get those papers of proof. The boy deserves the rightful share of his father's fortune.

Russel: Wasn't my father bad, then?

Martha: *Bad?* Certainly not! And I for one have proofs of that. (Rushes out of room before she is through.)

Nina: Russel, I am so glad you came. I'll explain some other time for my former coolness.

Russel (quite disturbed): This is too much, I don't understand it. (Enter Martha with papers.)

Nina: Why didn't you show these papers before, Aunt Martha?

Martha: I knew I'd find the child. For the last fifteen years I've lived in hope of some day finding the child I loved.

Mary and Nina: And you have found him.

Russel: And life isn't so bad after all.

Martha: Come, Mary, let me help you out. (Picks up book.) I distinctly remember reading that love is quickened when left alone, and Russel deserves the love of someone else now.

End.

---

Miss M. (the day after the vocabulary test): "Mr. Inglis wrote two of these tests, but he died when he was making his third one."

Senior: "I don't blame him. I should think he would have."

Some teachers just love to open the windows on cold days. We of course think that is terrible but we must realize that too much *hot air* is not very good for us.



### Peace.

It is early morning! The last signs of gray mists are lifting to reveal the red glow of the rising sun. As it rises, it slowly lights the eastern sky to a beautiful blood red and golden. The air is clear but holds the suggestion of a storm. In the distance a dog's sharp bark tells us the time has come to begin the day's work.

As the sun slowly rises higher it gives a feeling of satisfaction in being alive. The breeze stirs the leaves and the birds are busily picking for their breakfast, and calling us to come out and enjoy the beauties of a beautiful morning.

Soon the horses are brought out to be harnessed. They, too, seem to feel a quiet peacefulness.

The reins lie idly in the hands of the farmer as he sits gazing over his tracts of land from which the sun and rain are helping to bring forth his crops.

The deep blue of the sky seems to darken,—yes, it has turned to purple as the breeze dies down and a deathly stillness settles over the land.

The farmer gazes anxiously over the brown and gold of the hay field. The horses lift their heads. The purple of the sky has turned to black, the wind blows and the sun hides his face beneath the shadow of a cloud. The farmer turns his horses back to shelter; he reaches it just as the down-pour of rain falls heavily. He unharnesses his horses and turns them into their stalls and stands at the barn door. A deep rumble of thunder breaks the steady patter of rain. A jagged flash of lightning follows, the wind blows furiously and the horses whinny for their master.

For half an hour or more this storm darkened the surrounding country. Then as suddenly as the sun had left, it came back and once

more smiled on the world. The black clouds roll away leaving soft blue clouds in their place. Thus the peace of the morning was restored and the farmer went back to his work.

HELEN BOARDMAN, '26.

---

### How She Helped

"Seems strange to me that folks will let chances to do good slip right through their fingers," said old Mrs. Spears, to her gossip Miss Warner, who sat on the edge of her chair. "Seems strange they don't think how unlikely 'tis they'll ever have just the same chance again."

"Yes'm, I was wondering if—" began Miss Warner, but her small spark of conversation was speedily quenched by the onrushing tide of the old lady's speech.

"'Taint any use to wonder," she said, quickly biting off the thread with which she was mending a rent; "the thing is to do; that's what I've labored all my days to make Brooklyn folks realize, and it don't seem as if I'd made much of any impression on 'em."

"Now there's the minister's wife; she makes most excellent pies. Well, when Miss White came around the other day asking for donations for the missionary supper, she said she was in want of some apple pies. Quick as thought I said to her, 'The minister's wife is the very one! Her pies are extra good. No doubt she'll count it a real privilege to make some!'"

"Miss White looked doubtful, and it seems she had reason. I heard that the minister's wife spoke up real sharp, and said, she'd got too much else to do to make pies for other people. It seems sad for a minister to have that kind of a companion! I gave them a loaf of fruit cake that Cousin Sarah brought over here the last time she came. It was too rich for me, and it seemed such



a blessed opportunity to give it where it would do good.

"Well, then, you know how destitute the Saunders family were left; everything burned, while they were at church two weeks ago. The minute I heard of it, I began to cast about in my mind who would be likely to have clothes to fit those poor folks.

"I knew Mrs. Saunders was about my size, and Squire Rawlin's housekeeper is my size, too; that seemed a real leading! So I sat right down and wrote her, saying I felt sure she would be glad to help a family in distress and that halfworn garments would be perfectly suitable. She sent me back a note saying she had just packed all her available dresses to go to a Western cousin, and that there "must be others" who could help fit out Mrs. Saunders. It was a polite enough note but showed plain enough that she wasn't sensible of the chance I'd given her, right at home.

"Then there was that poor one-armed man that my brother Sam sent over here, saying what a good worker he was, and how much he could do with his one arm.

"I bethought me at once of the Sprague sisters; perfectly able to hire help, and with no man belonging to them. It seemed as if they'd be filled with gratitude at such a chance. I sent the man right to them. But I heard that all they did was to give him supper and breakfast, and let him sleep in the shed over night, just because they'd made some sort of a promise to Tommy Jennings to let him do the odd work to earn money to pay his way at the academy.

"I wrote to brother Sam just how it was, but I had a kind of "hurt" letter from him, saying the man had come back, and he had found work for him as he was disappointed in Brookby. I think Sam feels just as I do about the folks here, though he never says anything. He's an

awful quick man to take up a good work, and I think it makes him feel bad to come here.

"He hasn't visited me for five years now. The last time he came he was getting up a subscription for the soldiers' monument in Slowtown; he talked with me about it, knowing I'd be interested, as George and Fred both went from Slowtown to the war. He said that he didn't know but there'd be somebody in Brookby that would feel to give a little something to the fund.

"I remember just how he sat, looking out of the window, as he said it. He seemed sort of sad. So I cast around in my mind, and at last I thought of Ann Crawley. And I said:

"Sam, I don't know for sure, but Ann Crawley might subscribe something if you went over to the farm. You know she was engaged to a Slowtown young man that was killed in the war. To be sure, I said as a kind of caution; she has grown a little near of late years; but her heart might be opened and her purse strings loosened for such an object," I said.

"Sam waited a minute, and then he turned round, and gave a sigh, and said he, "I guess I won't go so far on an uncertainty." That was all he said, and that's the last time I saw him."

Mrs. Spears paused to inspect her sewing and Miss Warner opened her lips, and straightened the pail on her knees.

"How are your cranberries this year?" she asked timidly.

"There, said Mrs. Spears, with a smile of great benevolence; "when I saw that pail, I said to myself 'I know Betty Warner is after cranberries'. And it does seem a real Providence that you came to me, for I know just where to send you. Deacon Brown's big bog has yielded beyond all hopes this year; and tomorrow the pickers are to begin work. He told me there'd be



enough to pay him well. He said to me, in joke, knowing my rheumatism, 'If you hadn't a bog of your own, Mrs. Spears, I should be happy to make you a present of all you'd pick!'

"Now I'll write a line to him, saying you are my substitute. Hand me my glasses, Betty. What a providential thing you came in, as I said! It makes me so happy to be able to help a little, now and then!"

The bewildered guest meekly handed her the glasses, and with a conscience happily at rest, Mrs. Speers applied herself to the composition of her letter to the deacon.

RUTH HAUSER, '27.

---

### The Mysterious Bag

It was a dark, foggy night and I was returning from the movies. To reach home quicker, I took a short cut through an alley. I had gone about half way when I saw a man, who was carrying a bag on his shoulder, come out of one of the houses. I grew suspicious and decided to follow him.

He shifted his burden from shoulder to shoulder as if the bag were of great weight. Suddenly I heard a cry like that of a baby come from the sack. This aroused my suspicions more than ever.

The man was rapidly approaching the bridge which overhung a large river. He was just about to pitch the bag over the railing when I said, "Halt!"

The man ran, leaving the bag behind. I ran over to the bag, untied the cord, and to my surprise, out came an old cat with her seven kittens. They started off in the direction of the house from which the man had come.

JULES WALDMAN, '28.

### THE FARM OF THE FUTURE

In 2941—"The world is certainly changed," remarked some angels who were gazing down from the heavens, "since 1924." Indeed it had. Buildings towered, miles high. The sun could not reach the streets, so artificial sunshine cast its rays from buildings and posts.

Hardly a clear spot could be seen in all the world. Land was valued so high an ordinary man could not buy a square foot. The government reserved an acre here and there to help feed the people if connections with other planets were broken. I suppose you wonder how they built new houses; instead of buying land, they bought the top of another house and built theirs above. Fire was a thing of the past so nothing was destroyed by fire.

A farm was a rare sight and what was considered a farm we would not recognize. Plants had been changed so as to yield more. Vegetables of all kinds grew on trees. Orchards of tomatoes, onions, beets, and with rare vegetables growing underneath were often found on a farm. The farms in many places were similar to the rest of the world, that is, in layers. By means of boxes and posts, food-stuffs were grown on top of each other. The rich soil used in layer farming was imported from other planets. Giant air-crafts were used for carrying things between planets.

The few farms could hardly feed the people on our world. Canned goods, green vegetables, fruits and meats were imported from the stars. Milk, of the creamiest and best variety ever known, was transported from the Milky Way to help feed the many people. Thousands of pounds of butter and cheese were imported from the moon daily.

Furthermore, the universe was so civilized it never had wars or any such things. Peace reigned.

ETHEL MAYERS, '26.

## Visions

Fate surely had taken a strange turn; here I was on an Atlantic bound vessel, the largest in the world, the "Leviathan," bound for some unknown port on the other side of this vast globe.

Strange to say, this peculiar state of affairs necessitated no explanation, and I with the experienced eye of the exacting traveller, noted every detail of the huge liner's construction.

I say experienced eye, because, had I not just left Niagara Falls on my way from Yellow Stone Park? Was there not just a month's difference from the time I left Miami, Florida, to the time I left St. Johns, New Brunswick?

Time surely had, so to say, evaporated, and here I was, again I repeat it, I, little insignificant I, aboard the vessel which only two short years before, I had fought with the angry mob to view from the exterior.

Majestically we rode the waves, it seemed at times as though we floated through the air, so peaceful was the voyage, until at last, just as the Emerald Isle crept over the horizon, what I had always dreaded occurred.

I began to get seasick, a peculiar feeling located itself at about the center of my anatomy, the sea gulls began to shriek shrilly, rasping on my ears, while the people's voices which had, up 'till now, seemed companionable, roused my impatience to such a degree that I sat up in my camp chair and was about to depart in high dudgeon to my stateroom when strong arms suppressed me, a soothing voice assured me that everything would be all right, and I opened my eyes to see the dentist proudly exhibiting what was once my affected tooth.

LILLIAN LAKEWITZ, '26.

## Jack's New Radio

I will tell you how it happened. Jack had worked hard from the time he got home from school until eleven and twelve o'clock at night trying to make a radio. His father had made many of them and was willing to help him but Jack would not accept any assistance. After getting it all put together he tuned in but could not get a sound out of it. Discouraged but still determined to win he took it all apart. At last he got it fixed and sat up that night until three o'clock listening to a concert in New York.

The next night he invited a few of his friends in to listen to a concert in Washington. He proudly walked up to the radio, threw back the cloth covering and stood there a minute to give them a chance to praise him for his clever work. He then tuned in. Everybody was silent as a mouse. Not a sound came from the radio. Again and again he tried. Still no response. Muttering something about needing a new "B" battery he ran from the room returning instantly with another one. After adjusting this he again tuned in. All kinds of screeching, scratching, howling and buzzing sounds issued for about ten minutes. Then a voice said, "This is station WNAC, Washington, President Calvin Coolidge announcing. The next number on the program will be Madame Brown at the Piano playing 'It's a Long, Long way to Tipperary.'" Again those unearthly sounds came from the radio. Everyone laughed heartily.

Angry Jack rushed across the room, pulled away the screen that stood in back of the radio, and there stood Jack's chum Bob grinning from ear to ear. Taking him by the shoulder Jack led him across the room, pushed him out on the piazza, and slammed the door. He



was so angry that he wasn't going to tune in again. Seeing how mad he was, they all stopped laughing and tried not to smile when they begged him to fix it.

They really did hear a good concert, but Jack was teased about his fake radio for a long time.

HELEN GRAY, '28.

### Two Suits Spoiled

The stars were shining bright above,  
'Twas such a night as was made for love—

They stood together at the gate  
Forgetful that the hour was late.  
Sweet words of love he whispered low

And her whispered answers came soft and slow.

They whispered and the hours crept on.

Came a voice from within, "Tis time you were gone!"

She shivered then crept very near,  
He laughed a bit to hide his fear  
Then gathered her close within his arm

As though he would shield her from every harm.

Then again a voice reached them at the gate,

"Begone, I say, 'tis getting late."

They whispered soft, sweet words, and low;

But he made no effort at all to go.

From within once more the voice was heard,

Then through the door there shot like a bird

A huge black mass that onward rushed,

And at the gate all was hushed.

The on rushing mass let out a growl

And then began an awful howl,

The lovers parted—but too late

The big, black mass had reached the gate.

He made one dive for the unfortunate lover

While the maiden screamed and ran for cover.

The lover yelled, like one possessed,  
The dog administered what he thought best

For lovers who will their elders heed not

But keep on loving, giving time no thought.

The maiden sadly went inside

And all night long she tossed and cried;

Her heart was heavy and filled with sorrow

For well she knew that on the morrow

No lover would return to the gate,  
Surely not after such a fate.

For the unfortunate lover would never forget

The feel of those teeth and tongue cold and wet,

And his suit he'll no longer press,  
Which suit I mean, you can readily guess.

EMILY M. LAKEWITZ, '25.

### We Wonder:

Why Emily likes Randolph?

Why Mary is always talking about Cambridge?

Where Roy gets his dimples?

Where Thelma gets her airs?

How long Mr. Neal's Lizzie will last?

What we'd do without exercises?

What would happen if Alfred came to class unprepared?

What Fleming would do if his bicycle broke down?

Where Autograph Album quotations originated?

When the Echo will be paid for?

If we are all going to pass???

What other folks think of us?

That's all!!!

Even our players know that a baseball through a window is good for a home run.

# School Notes



## SENIOR CLASS NOTES

### Class Officers

President ..... Elton Breiel  
 Vice President.... Thelma Peterson  
 Treasurer ..... Edgar Hill  
 Secretary ..... Emily Lakewitz

### Class Colors

Crimson and Silver.

### Class Flower

White Rose.

### Class Motto

"Seize the Opportunity."

### The Senior Dance

The Senior Class held its annual dance in the Town Hall, Tuesday, December 23, 1924. The hall was decorated in the Christmas colors, red and green. The class banner stood proudly upon the stage. The Elsmore Nash Orchestra of Brockton furnished music for the event. With the untiring effort of the committee in charge the affair proved to be a success financially and socially.

### The Senior Play

"Bachelor Hall," a very lively play with an abundance of laughter was successfully given April 18, 1925. The two old deacons from Randolph—Blagdon and Forrest, were the source of much amusement for the whole audience. Paine, as a playwright and an Englishman, was a success and his play, "The Fatal Shot," furnished much fun and much trouble. Johnson, as a Congressman was good—but as Mephistopholes he was "superlative" and brought forth many a laugh from the audience. Mary McCarthy as Myrtleton's ward proved quite a

handful, and as John's sweetheart, a real maiden in love, and John Hadfield as a lover was one grand success. Scott as a Scotch minister and detective was surely in need of sympathy for he was in such complicated situations. Thelma Peterson as Mrs. Van Styne received much honor for the portrayal of her haughty manner. Peter George, as the darky butler, Jasper, well deserved the applause he received. Dorothy Simmons' "Hoopla" was very effective, while Winthrop Roberts as the Irish policeman, covered himself with honor. Emily Lakewitz, the amateur actress, pleasantly surprised the audience by her piercing shrieks so different to her customary tones of voice.

## JUNIOR CLASS

### Class Officers

President ..... Melville Blagdon  
 Vice President ..... Ethel Mayers  
 Treasurer ..... Wesley Paine  
 Secretary ..... Blanche Hadfield

### Class Colors

Crimson and Silver.

### Class Motto

"Our aim to win—Success will follow."

### Class Joke

The Junior Class is going to rob the treasury to purchase T. N. T. to "boost" "Bessie's" mark in History.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

### Class Officers

President ..... Peter George  
 Vice President.. Gertrude Campbell  
 Treasurer ..... Dorothy Clark  
 Secretary ..... Mildred Tibbetts



**Class Colors**

Nile Green and Silver.

**Class Motto**

"May Knowledge Increase."

**Events**

As has always been the custom the Sophomore class gave the Freshman class a Hallowe'en Initiation Party, Friday, October 24, 1924. This was held in the two lower front rooms of the school. The rooms were artistically decorated in black and orange paper. The first part of the evening was given over to initiating and games followed by refreshments.

The Girls' Glee Club held a social in Legion Hall in October. The entertainment was of original make up featuring an imitation radio program. The hall was well filled with pupils and friends. Games were played and a cake walk was another interesting feature of the evening. Refreshments were served and dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock.

**Ladies' Home Journal Campaign**

This year again the student body, or probably I should say a few of the student body, took part in the selling of the magazine the Ladies' Home Journal. The proceeds for the sale were to go to the Athletic Association. Two teams were organized, one under the direction of Roy Johnson, the other under that of Thelma Peterson. It was agreed that the losing team should give the winning team a party, and that the one person securing the greatest number of subscriptions was to be given a fountain pen. Gladys Dunham was the successful individual, and the group under Thelma Peterson the winning team. Sad to relate the contest was not such a decided success as hoped and the number of pupils bringing in subscriptions were so few that a party made up of those few would have been a small party of a very select few.

**ALUMNI NEWS**

Every year a class leaves the school, and the next year we think of them as alumni. How often do you, members of the Alumni, think of the school you left behind you? Are you still as much interested in what is going on now as when you were the students of Sumner High? We would like to hear from you and your experience might help to teach us the course to follow. Success to those who will next year be included in the Alumni list.

**Some "Echoes" from the Class of 1923 and 1924.****1923**

Marie Breiel, Bridgewater Normal School.  
Earl Andrews, Collecting Antiques.  
Irma Faxon, Homeopathic Hospital, training.  
Margarite Dalton, Boston University, C. S. S.  
Berton Hobart, Employed at the Holbrook Post Office.  
Rutger Peterson, Northeastern University.  
Althea Scott, N. E. Telephone Co.  
Gustave Peterson, Employed at Edison Electric Co., Boston.  
Rachael Walker, Bridgewater Normal School.  
Shirley Stevens, Brown University.  
Virginia Stevens, Tuft - Forsyth Dental School.  
Walter Scott, Boston University, C. L. A.

**1924**

Ruth Boardman, N. E. Telephone Co.  
Rita Breiel, Bridgewater Normal School.  
Alice Gullans (living in Quincy), Burdett College.  
Dorothy Hayden, Radcliff College.  
Ellis Johnson, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.  
Edith Leach, Boston Normal Art School.  
Roger Zoebisch, Bentley School of Business and Finance.



### League

This year has been started a Five Town League: Mr. Neal, President; Mr. MacLoud, Secretary and Treasurer. This League is to encourage and promote sports of all kinds. Each school is going in for Baseball, Football, Basketball, and Track.

Sumner High played its first game at Holbrook, May 1, defeating Thayer Academy Seconds, 21-4. E. Hill was the hardest batter receiving five hits out of six times at the bat. Hadfield pitched a good game for Sumner and the game was well supported.

The second game of the season, Scituate against Holbrook, was played at Holbrook, May 5, being a victory for Sumner 9-3. R. Hill pitched, struck out eight, and allowed the opposing team to get but two hits.

### PHYSICAL EXERCISES

As the State of Massachusetts requires a certain amount of physical exercises by the students and as we have no gymnasium we are forced to use our main room for this purpose, which makes us labor under difficulties. Mr. Neal, with his helpers, Edgar Hill, W. Roberts, Marjorie Porter, and Ethel Mayers are in charge. Some feel they could get along very well without this form of upbuilding, known as setting up exercises, but then, as is often the case, they are not consulted.

### Baseball

The baseball team this fall was a success. We were able to get but two games both with West Bridgewater and we were the victors.

The first game was played at Holbrook, with Hadfield pitching and having fine support. E. Hill and Hadfield were the heavy hitters for Holbrook and Hennessey for West Bridgewater.

At the second game on the new West Bridgewater diamond, Ralph Hill pitched and showed great form in the box. Hill pitched a no hit, no run game up to the first of the eighth inning. E. Hill was by far the heaviest hitter making a three base hit with two twos, and two singles. Hadfield and R. Hill were next.

We lost two players this year. Hammond and Dwyer, but we hope that we will be as strong as ever.

### Schedule of Sumner High School.

- |      |     |                                      |
|------|-----|--------------------------------------|
| May  | 1.  | Thayer at Holbrook                   |
| May  | 5.  | Scituate at Holbrook                 |
| May  | 8.  | Avon At Holbrook                     |
| May  | 15. | Thayer at Thayer                     |
| May  | 19. | West Bridgewater at Holbrook         |
| May  | 22. | Scituate at Scituate                 |
| May  | 26. | Cohasset at Cohasset                 |
| June | 2.  | East Bridgewater at Holbrook         |
| June | 4.  | Cohasset at Holbrook                 |
| June | 5.  | West Bridgewater at West Bridgewater |
| June | 9.  | Bridgewater at Holbrook              |



June 12. Bridgewater at Bridge-  
water

June 16. Avon at Holbrook

### Track

June 6, of this year will see our fourth big track meet, coached as previously by Mr. Neal, our athletic instructor. At the first meet we were badly defeated, at the second we won, at the third we were decidedly the victors. This year we must fight hard for our laurels, for there are five towns to be represented: Bridgewater, East Bridgewater, West Bridgewater, Avon, and Holbrook; and although we have E. Hill still with us, who got 13 points last year, we have lost Herman Hammond, our strongest shot putter, and Paul Long, our best pole vaulter. The events of the Sumner School meet will be as follows:

Track meet—first annual.

Cup to highest point score.

Ribbons to 1st, 2nd and 3rd places.

### Event

100 Yard Dash  
220 Yard Dash  
440 Yard Dash  
Running High Jump  
Running Broad Jump  
Pole Vault  
Shot Put  
Discus

### The Events of the Five Town

#### League Meet

June 6, 1925, at Holbrook

50 Yard Dash  
100 Yard Dash  
220 Yard Dash  
440 Yard Dash  
880 Yard Run  
1 Mile Run  
Shot Put  
Running Broad Jump  
Running High Jump  
School Relay

Cup to winning Team. Prizes to 1st, 2nd and 3rd places.



## Foreign Department



### Vulpes et Ciconia

Olim vulpes ciconiam se opposuit, dum ambulabat. Vulpes ciconiam invitavit ut postero cum eo cenaret. Ciconia dixit se libenter venturum esse.

Postero die duodecima hora ciconia ad prandium venit. Suave prandium expectavit. Vulpes id in avabus planis bracteis extulit. Necessario ciconia suo longo rostro non edi poterat ex plava bractea. Domum sine prandium sibi revertendus fuit.

Paucis diebus ciconia vulpem ad prandium invitavit. Vulpes invitatum accepit quod amavit invitari ad prandium. Ubi vulpes ciconiam vidit, prandium exlulit. Erat iratissima, quod ciconia cumse duas longas collas lagenas contentes suave prandium habuit. Hoc tem-

pore vulpes molestissima erat, cum ciconia prandio frueretur.

BEATRICE M. ODOM, '26.

### Aquila et Vulper

Uno die apuila ab nido avolavit ut infantibus cibum acquireret. Ad terram volavit ut videret quid reperire poterat. Subito parvam vulpem vidit. Aquila parvam Vulpem cepit et avolavit. Postea vulpis mater domum venit. Mater dixit se infantem desiderare sed aquilam cumeo domum avolavisse. Tum vulpes ad ignem in agro ivit et baculum incendientem cepit et aquilae domum qui in arbore fuit venit.

Aquila scivit vulpem arborem incensuram esse. Itaque vupli infantem reddidit.

INGRID ROSENQUIST, '28.

**Jean Valjean**

La vie de Jean Valjean tient tant de patience, de souffrance et de sacrifice qu'il me semble qu'il est impossible qu'un etant humaine endure.

La mere et le pere sont morts lorsque il etait jeune. D'ici un peu d'annes le mari de sa soeur est mort et l'a laissee avec sept petits enfants. Jean Valjean l'a aidee comme si c'etait son devoir. Il a travaille fortement, du matin au soir, de jour en jour. Il etait mal paye.

Sa souffrance a commence dans sa juenesse quand il a vole un pain pour nourir les sept enfants de sa soeur. Pour cette faute il a servi dix-neuf annees au bagne sous les gardes-chiourmes les plus cruels. Mais lui encore plus cruels etaient les penses de la vie de sa soeur et des septs enfants qu'elle ne pouvait pas seul appuyer. Ici a la prison il sendurait a toutes sortes de malheurs qui lui servirent d'education.

Par l'enfluence d'un bon eveque qui l'a aide apres qu'il est sorti du bagne, il est devenu un homme change. Dans son ame la bonte a pris la place de l'haine qu'il avait tenue vers la societe.

Il est interessant a remarquer le nombre de gens auxquels il a sauva la vie. Premièrement il sauva la vie a la pauvre Fantaine puis au Fanchelement Jarvet et a Marius san compter Cosette.

A la fin de la vie il a laisse une benediction aux gens qui l'avaient le plus cruellement traite.

ELTON BREIL, '25.

**"Guess"**

Uno tempore femina canem qui "Guess" appellatus est habuit. Id ad munerem canium propter licentiam sumpsit. Muneris canium quaesivit; "Quidne nomen canis est?"

"Guess," reponsum fuit.

Optime non augurari possum sed conabor.

Respondit, "Estne Ruby; Queenie, Brownie aut Sport?"

"Non, 'Guess'."

Tamen estne, "Beauty, 'Billy', Major, aut Pal?"

"Non, 'Guess!' "

Tum narratote mihi, postulavit.

"Guess, is nomen canis est."

MILDRED TIBBETS, '27.

**Gauis Julius Caesar**

Cauesar maximus ex imperatoribus erat. Corpore validus quoque animo fortis erat. Sui amici multi erant sed Pompeio inimicissimus fuit. Dixerunt Gallicis bellis decem centum milis hominum interfici, centum urbes octo et oppida capi, et centum gentes tres confici.

Caesar Rhenum transivit et Italia potitus est. Vero omnes ex suis hostibus superavitque Hispania et Africa potitus est. Imperator factus est Caesar ab multis populis amabatur dixit; "Veni, vidi, et vici."

GERTRUDE M. CAMPBELL, '27.

Teacher: "What were the dying words of Lord Chesterfield?"

Class (in unison): "They satisfy."

Mr. Neal: "If the President, Vice President and all the members of the cabinet died, who would officiate?"

Pupil (with inspiration): "The undertaker."

Miss Megley: "What have you learned about the use of 'had not' and 'ought'?"

Harold: "That you hadn't ought to use them together."

**Advice to Freshmen**

Be wise and don't blow your KNOWS.

The distance between Edgar's ears is one block.





T.: "The idea of your working steady eight hours a day! I wouldn't think of such a thing!"

E.: "Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Shake on it, girl," he cried, "for we're both dead broke."

On a mule we find two legs behind  
And two we find before  
Go stand behind before you find  
What the two behind be for.

### "Beauty Hint"

If you are a brunette and would like to become a blond we recommend sleeping on the beach several nights. You are sure to get up with sandy hair.—*Exchange*.

Emily suggests eating carrots for the complexion.

The son of a millionaire was being married, and when the part of the service was reached, which read, "I, thee with all my worldly goods endow," the bridegroom's father very audibly hissed: "Great Scott, there goes his bicycle!"

Be sure to mind your P's and Q's  
If you would grow up Y's  
And keep your bonnet free from B's  
And cultivate your I's.

Bertil: "Charles, I can make an uglier face than you can."

Charles: "Oh, look at the start you've got."

Leaves start to turn just before exams.

### Great Movie Spectacle

"In the Palace of the King."

5,000 people!

4,000 costumes!

"Well, dad, I just ran up to say hello."

"Too late, son, your mother just ran up to say good-bye and got all the change!"

Emily: "We had a fine sunrise this morning. Did you see it?"

Thelma: "Sunrise? Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise."

Bride (over telephone): "John, come home quick. I've got the plugs mixed and the radio is all covered with frost and the electric ice box is telling bed-time stories."

### The Worst Fate in the World

To be wrecked on a desert island with a Cross-word puzzle book and no pencil.

Mary: "He wore my photograph over his heart and it stopped the bullet."

Beth: "I'm not surprised. It would stop a clock."

"Officer Blank is dumb."

"How come?"

"He heard procrastination was the thief of time and spent three days trying to catch him."

Teacher (after writing LXXX): "What does that mean?"

Flapper: "Love and kisses."



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